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SHINING TIME STATION  
Show 14--First Draft  
Ellis Weiner

*Title?*

FADE IN

1 MAIN SET--MATT and TANYA arrive from street, and hear,  
from direction of Harry's workshop--

SCHEMER (O.S.)  
(singing)  
I am...so beautiful...to me--

THEY trade a look, cross to door to workshop.

POV--KIDS--see Schemer, scurrying around, measuring things  
with tape measure, singing gleefully to himself. MR C is  
also looking, sees kids, motions for silence.

SCHEMER  
(jazzy, improvising)  
I am...so very very beautiful...to me--

RESUME--KIDS enter suspiciously. MR C waves, vanishes.

MATT  
Hey, Schemer--

ANGLE ON WORKSHOP

SCHEMER  
YIKES! Oh. It's you two. Good, I need  
some design ~~input~~. *ideas.*  
(indicates one wall or corner)  
What should I put here? The rotating  
hot dog wheel? Or the char-broasted  
chicken grill?

TANYA  
Schemer, you're not supposed to be in  
here. This is my Grandpa's workshop.

SCHEMER  
(resumes measuring)  
Not for long, it isn't, my young friend.

STACY (O.S.)  
Matt? Tanya--?

ANGLE ON DOOR AND ROOM--STACY appears.

STACY  
Oh, hi, Schemer.  
(beat--apprehensively)  
What are you doing--?

SCHEMER

Expanding my commercial empire, Miss Jones.

MATT

He's been talking crazy ever since we got here.

SCHEMER

"Crazy"? You happen to be speaking to the future owner and operator of Snax on the Trax, a full service bistro of leisure foods coming soon to a train station near you.

*Seat*

STACY

What are you talking about?  
Coming where?

SCHEMER takes letter form his pocket, unfolds it grandly, hands it to her, under--

SCHEMER

Right here.

ANGLE ON STACY--SHE reads with mounting dismay.

STACY

This is from Headquarters...Schemer, does this mean that the railroad is letting you open up a snack bar here? In Harry's workshop?

SCHEMER

It means I can do an estimate. Then the railroad people will talk to my people, which is basically me.

STACY

Schemer, we need Harry. And Harry needs his workshop.

SCHEMER

That was yesterday, Miss Jones. Today, your customer wants one thing: snacks. Your customer wants a burger. Your customer wants an order of fries. Your customer wants a raspberry Pow! with the super-foamy head.

STACY

We'll see about that.

SHE angrily turns and marches back to main set.

2 MAIN SET--where she goes to phone at ticket booth and dials. Kids follow. MR. C appears on booth.

MR. C  
Problems?

STACY  
Schemer's working on another bad idea.

SCHEMER (O.S.)  
I heard that!

STACY  
Hello? It's Stacy Jones, at Shining Time Station. May I speak to Mr. ~~Wallace~~, please?...Yes, I know he's the president. That's why I'm calling him. Thank you....

*will be confused  
with President*

MR C  
It's a good thing Harry isn't here yet.

STACY  
(into phone)  
Hello, Mr. Wallace?...Yes, I--  
(beat--takes deep breath)  
No, sir. I do not think it's a dandy idea. Shining Time Station doesn't need a snack bar. I know other stations have them. But business is fine--and besides, other stations don't have Harry. He is the heart and soul of this place, and I won't let you kick him out of his workshop just to sell hamburgers, and fries, and...and a raspberry POW!

SHE slams the receiver and paces, stopping at juke box.

TANYA  
Wow, Stacy--that was your boss!

MATT  
You could get fired, or something.

STACY  
I don't care. Sometimes you have to stand up for what you believe in.

*] Good title line*

3 INSERT: INT. JUKE BOX--THE PUPPETS are dozing, except--

DIDI  
Yeah, you tell 'em, Stacy!  
She was great, wasn't she, you guys?  
(beat--no answer)  
Hey!

SHE hits cymbal. All the OTHERS jump.

4 RESUME--MAIN SET--STACY is still pacing, worried

STACY

You know, Mr. Wallace isn't going to be too happy that I hung up on him. Maybe I should call him back--

MR C

Not at all. Let him think about it. He's bound to see that you're right. You know, it reminds me of when Duck first arrived on the Island of Sodor...

HE BLOWS WHISTLE

DISSOLVE TO

5 THOMAS EPISODE 34--"DUCK TAKES CHARGE"

DISSOLVE TO

6 MAIN SET

MR. C

You see? Duck and Percy didn't put with any nonsense. Uh-oh. Speaking of nonsense...

HE DISAPPEARS, as--

ANGLE ON WORKSHOP--SCHEMER emerges from Workshop, puts oversized padlock on door, closes it firmly. Then he stands in Arcade doing figures on clipboard.

SFX: TRAIN ARRIVES, WAITS, LEAVES

ANGLE ON PLATFORM ARCH--HARRY enters. STACY sees him, goes up worriedly.

HARRY

'Afternoon. You know, that Silver Comet runs as smooth now as she did thirty years ago--?

STACY

Uh, Harry, we have a problem--

HARRY

(heads toward workshop)  
I got a photograph of her when she was new, want to show you something--

ANGLE ON WORKSHOP DOOR--HARRY sees lock, stops dead.



HARRY (CONTD)

Well now what's this.

STACY

Um, that's the problem. You see, the head office has given Schemer permission to...to make a proposal to...sort of... turn your workshop into something else.

HARRY

What kind of something else.

STACY

(timidly, ashamed)

A snack bar.

HARRY digests this, then slowly turns and walks over to Schemer, who is trying, without success, to look fearless.

HARRY

Sometimes my ears play tricks. Did she say a snack bar?

SCHEMER

(stalls a beat; then--)

A quality snack bar.

(as Harry walks away in disgust)

You can count on it. None of your taco-flavored popcorn or radioactive cotton candy. Just nice good stuff.

*artificially  
colored*

SCHEMER starts to follow Harry across set, just as KRESKEL enters through arch: sober, silent, in conservative business suit, carrying satchel. HARRY leaves via front.

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

You know, Harry, the problem with you-- (to Kreskel)

Oh. Hello. ~~Passenger~~ <sup>customer</sup>, huh? Waiting for another train? Fantastic.

KRESKEL nods. SCHEMER nods too.

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Hey, I don't know about you, but I sure could use some entertainment right about now. Say! How about some music! I think there's a juke box around here--

STACY

Schemer, we cannot close down Harry's workshop. First of all, he makes wonderful things--gadgets for me, toys for the kids. And the stories he knows, and the songs, the history, the people--

SCHEMER

Get serious, Miss Jones. Railroads don't run on gadgets and stories and songs. They run on cheeseburgers and scrambled eggs.

STACY

They also run on equipment. What about the repairs Harry does around the station! This place wouldn't last a week without his help.

SCHEMER

Are you kidding? You can run it with one hand tied behind your back.

STACY

Schemer--

SCHEMER

You're extremely capable, Miss Jones, and I admire that like crazy.

STACY

We're not talking about me--

SCHEMER

So stop putting yourself down right now.  
(to Kreskel)  
I'm teaching her how to manage the place--So just drop a nickel in there--

STACY

(crosses to him; grabs him by collar)  
That's it. Out.

*no force*

SCHEMER

What does that mean, "out"?

STACY

(as she hustles him toward door)  
It means I'm manager here and I want you out!

SCHEMER

Okay, I can take a hint.  
(at door; a parting shot)  
Look, Miss Jones, is it my fault if human beings need food to survive?

STACY

OUT!

HE goes. STACY goes over to MATT and TANYA.

STACY

I'm sorry, kids. It's just--Harry is completely dedicated to the railroad, and all Schemer can think about is money...

KRESKEL

Excuse me, but is there any place nearby to get something to eat?

STACY

(defeatedly)

Just some snack machines out on the platform.

KRESKEL

(re juke box)

Oh. Well, does this work?

(off her nod)

Good.

HE puts a nickel in.

CUT TO

7 INT. JUKE BOX--THE PUPPETS are in place, all talking at once. GRACE calls for quiet, to no avail, until--

GRACE

I said, QUIET!

(they fall silent)

Now. The selection is ( title ).

DIDI

I still say Stacy's right.

TEX

But sometimes a nice bowl of chili is just what a body needs, little lady.

REX

That's pure poetry, Tex.

TEX

Thank you, Rex.

REX

You're welcome, Tex.

DIDI

You guys want chili, go to a restaurant. No snack bar.

TITO

Some snack bars serve pizza, you guys.

who is Kreskel?



DIDI  
(long pause)  
Oh. Well that's different.

ALL break into talk again, until--

GRACE  
(yelling over din)  
LET'S GO! ONE...TWO...THREE--

8 PUPPETS PLAY SONG

CUT TO

9 MAIN SET--STACY is doing paperwork in ticket booth; MATT and TANYA are playing checkers on floor in front of Info booth. KRESKEL is seated on bench, reading paper.

SCHEMER enters from street, glares at Stacy, strides over to arcade, grabs the clipboard he forgot, and starts to leave. He stops at the checker game, watches MATT make a move, snorts and rolls his eyes in exaggerated disdain, shakes his head, and leaves. MATT watches him go, ponders for a second, then--

MATT  
Aunt Stacy? What's Schemer's problem, anyway?

TANYA  
I know. He's a bully.

STACY emerges from booth and joins them.

STACY  
Oh, I don't think so, Tanya. I mean, a bully is someone who pushes around people who are weaker than he is. Do you really think Schemer's that bad?

TANYA  
Well...he's always doing dumb things, and he never listens to anybody else.

STACY  
(laughs)  
That's true. But this is the first time he's ever done something this bad--and I don't think he really means it.

MATT  
He hurt Harry's feelings, didn't he?

3 (nasty)

STACY

Yes, he did. But he didn't really want to. He's just all excited about his idea for a snack bar.

(pause; she thinks; then--)

See, kids, a real bully is somebody who acts big and strong, because he's really afraid he's little and weak. Does that make sense?

MATT

Nope.

TANYA

Uh-uh.

STACY

Think about it. If you're really happy about yourself, and you're not afraid of other people, why would you want to act bossy and push everybody around? There are a million other more interesting things to do than that. Plus, it's more fun to do them with other people. But suppose, deep down, you were secretly afraid--

reverts

TANYA

Of what?

Bully  
Theory

STACY

Of everything! Of other people. Well, you might want to hide that. And one way to hide it would be to pretend that you were big and tough. So you'd act bossy and mean. That's what a bully does. But it's all a disguise. I'll tell you what--you want to see some real bullies?

SHE takes a purse out of Info (or Ticket) booth, opens it--

SFX: MAIN THEME OF "THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" IN FULL MILITARY ARRANGEMENT--

KRESKEL lowers paper, looks mildly intrigued, raises paper again.

STACY

Sorry. Wrong purse.

SHE finds another one, opens, takes out nickel, hands it to kids.

STACY( CONT)

Here. Take a look in the nickelodeon.

CUT TO

10 ARCADE: MATT AND TANYA approach nickelodeon, shrug, put in coin, start turning--

CUT TO

11 INSERT: FLEISCHER FILM, "BULLIES AND BAD GUYS"

CUT TO

12 MAIN SET--KIDS are at nickelodeon, STACY at Ticket Booth, KRESKEL still behind paper on bench. HARRY enters from street, in a better mood than when he left.

HARRY

Anything happen while I was gone?

STACY

(in a rush)

Oh! Harry--I'm sorry. Maybe I should have told you in another way. But don't worry. I've told Schemer, and I'm going to tell the head office again: no snack bar.

HARRY

Well--

SCHEMER enters from street, cocky and full of himself.

SCHEMER

Hey, I totally agree, Miss Jones. There won't be any snack bar.

STACY

There won't?

SCHEMER

Uh-uh. Because I don't like that term any more. From now on everybody has to call it "the cafe."

STACY

Schemer--

SCHEMER

And another thing, Miss Jones. You can't kick me out of here any more. My lawyer says only somebody from the main office can boss me around.

SCHEMER crosses to crane-machine under--

HARRY

Schemer, you amaze me.

*the*  
*Le Café*  
*with a fancy*  
*French*  
*accent*

SCHEMER

Harry, my friend, I amaze myself. Here.

HE puts coin in machine, which lifts and delivers plastic cigar. Schemer hands Harry cigar. Machine keeps working.

SCHEMER (CONT'D)

Just to show there's no hard feelings.  
(as Harry refuses to take it)  
Suit yourself.  
(notices machine)  
Wait a minute--what's this?

HARRY

Your machine.

SCHEMER

I only put in one nickel. STOP! This is a major malfunction! Look, Harry...how's about taking a look at it..?

HARRY

No way.

SCHEMER

Come on, it's your job!  
(off Harry's silence)  
Okay. I'll get somebody else.

HE exits in a rush.

STACY

Um...Harry? You're going to kill me for saying this, but...I think you should fix it.

HARRY

That's not funny, Stacy.

STACY

But, well, maybe if you fixed the machine, Schemer might...you know...

HARRY

Might give me back something that's already supposed to be mine?  
(goes to rear of machine, pulls plug)  
There. All fixed.

HE laughs and shakes his head, exits toward platform through arch. Stacy follows, under--

STACY

Oh, Harry, please don't be insulted--

She's gone too. KRESKEL puts down paper, does reaction take, folds paper, and follows them out arch. MATT and TANYA gather at Info Booth--and MR. C appears on it.

TANYA

Grandpa's upset, Mr. Conductor. You can tell because he laughed, but nothing was funny.

MR C

I don't blame him. No one wants to be told that they're not useful. No one wants to be replaced. Percy went through the same thing when he met Harold. I'll tell you about it--

HE BLOWS WHISTLE

DISSOLVE TO

13 THOMAS EPISODE #36--"PERCY AND HAROLD"

DISSOLVE TO

14 MAIN SET--KIDS with Mr. C at Info Booth

TANYA

It's nice that Percy and Harold became friends. I don't know if Grandpa and Schemer will, though.

MR C

Stranger things have happened. Not that I can think of any, just now...  
(sees Schemer enter from street)  
Uh-oh, here comes you-know-who/  
Time for me to scramez-vous!

HE disappears as SCHEMER enters briskly.

SCHEMER

I tell ya, kids, if you're smart you'll go into vending machine repair when you grow up. Can you believe some joker wanted to charge me forty dollars an hour plus parts?

MATT

Is that a lot?

SCHEMER

Matt, take it from your old Uncle Schemer: anything over fifty cents is a lot.

TANYA

You mean fifty cents an hour?



SCHEMER

Who said hour? Flat rate!

STACY AND HARRY enter from arch, mid-conversation. ]

for the whole job

STACY

--and yes, he can be greedy, insulting, and very insensitive.

HARRY

(an inch from Schemer's face)  
We're talkin' about you.

STACY

But I have to make sure the whole station runs properly, Harry.

HARRY

Then that's your <sup>keeping</sup> problem, Stacy. My problem is ~~maintaining~~ my self-respect --which means I don't do favors for a man who wants to put me out of a job!

SCHEMER has crossed to phone at Ticket Booth, and holds receiver for all to see.

SCHEMER

I don't have to put up with this. I'm calling headquarters. They'll back me all the way.

KRESKEL (O.S.)

That won't be necessary.

ALL turn toward arch, where Kreskel stands. He enters, holding out ID card in wallet. He also has satchel.

KRESKEL

Jody Kreskel: Chief Roving Inspector for Indian Valley Railroad. I've been, uh...observing your station here. I must say, I've found it all extremely interesting.

STACY

(apprehensively)  
Oh boy...

SCHEMER

(approaches, hand out)  
The name is Schemer: vending magnate extraordinaire and cafe proprietor par excellence.

KRESKEL

(shakes his hand)  
Mister Schemer: I like your juke box.  
(Schemer beams at Stacy)  
That claw machine is a classic.  
(Schemer leers at Harry)  
And you've got some ambitious ideas  
about opening up a cafe here.  
(Schemer sticks his tongue out at  
the kids)  
Now let me see that letter from  
headquarters.

SCHEMER

Yeah, sure--

SCHEMER hurriedly produces it and hands it over.

KRESKEL

Thank you.

HE peruses it quickly, nodding and murmuring as though in  
agreement.

KRESKEL (CONT.D)

Okay.

He tears it into pieces and tosses them in the air.

SCHEMER

(scurrying after the pieces)  
Hey--!

KRESKEL

That letter is hereby rescinded.  
(to the kids)  
That means it's no good any more.

SCHEMER

You can't do that!

KRESKEL

I certainly <sup>can</sup> If you don't believe  
it, call Mr. Wallace back at the head  
office. By the way, Miss Jones, didn't  
he tell you I was on my way?

STACY

I must have hung up on him before he  
had a chance to tell me.

*stung at  
officially  
null & void  
stung of  
official  
disapproval*

KRESKEL

Don't worry about it. I'll explain it to him. As for you, Mister Schemer, like I said, you've got some ambitious ideas. And that's fine. But you need a bit more modesty and a lot more sense. (indicates Harry)

If half the things I heard Miss Jones say are true, then we're lucky to have this man. Our apologies, sir. Your job is safe and so is your workshop.

HARRY

That's all I wanted to hear.

HE heads immediately to Workshop door and stops.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Get over here, Schemer.

SCHEMER

(nervously, a bit afraid)  
Me? Uh...sure! Why?

HARRY

Well how am I going to fix that machine of yours if my tools are all locked up behind this door?

SCHEMER

(runs over, fumbles for key)  
Right! Right you are, Har'!  
You know, I think I've learned something from this little episode. We don't really need a snack bar around here. *Le Cafe*  
What we need is a guy who can fix arcade machines for free. And I mean that.

ANGLE ON SET--As Harry gets tools and starts in on machine, KIDS, STACY, and KRESKEL gather downstage.

STACY

Thanks. I don't know what we would have done without Harry.

KRESKEL

You can thank yourself, Miss Jones. The things you've been saying make a lot of sense. It's a good thing you held your ground. *— and stuck with what you ~~have~~ believed in*

MATT

(to Kreskel)

Do you ride around on trains all day?

KRESKEL

Well, that's my work job. My fun job is  
different, though. Want to see it?  
(off their eager nod)  
Okay!

HE whips off the jacket (and slacks?) to reveal less formal  
clothes, digs his concertine out of the satchel; and ad  
libs "Hey Joe" with the kids. During this,

PULL BACK

to show Harry working on claw machine, Schemer hovering  
anxiously, Stacy doing paperwork, etc.

CLOSING CREDITS

FADE